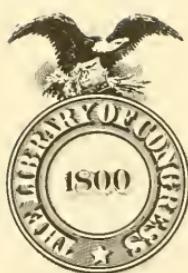




SARAH CANDACE (PEARSE) PARKER

LA 2317  
P37 S27  
1900















MRS. L. F. PARKER, 1853

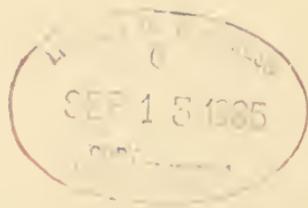
# Sarah Candace (Pearse) Parker

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## A MEMORIAL

FOR THOSE WHO LOVED HER.

L 4297  
P37 S27  
1900



## FOREWORD.

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A woman honored in Grinnell, a former pupil of Mrs. L. F. Parker, writes: "I need not tell you that Mrs. Parker's words and teaching have been a help and an inspiration to me from my earliest school days. Hers will linger in memory longer than the words or the teaching of any other. I count it an honor not only to have known her face to face, but also, in more than one rare moment, heart to heart. Her friendship has been to me a beautiful benediction."

Professor J. Irving Manatt, LL. D., of Brown University, and formerly a pupil of hers, wrote in the *New England Magazine*: Under her instruction, with her "high ideals and engaging personality, how many a frontier lad and lass learned for the first time to look up—to take some true measure of life."

James L. Hill, D. D., of Salem, Mass., closes a glowing eulogy of her with the assurance that: "No one can forget her. She left her mark on everybody she taught. No other woman ever did so much for Iowa College."

Another voice comes from the editorial rooms of the *Christian Advocate*, of Pittsburg, and similar ones from persons widely scattered between two oceans, saying: "She was my ideal woman, a type of all that is loveliest and noblest."

In responding to the request of friends for a sketch of the history of such a one, the writer ventures the hope of pardon if, now and then, he permits a glimpse of his personal appreciation of the celestial who has been half, or more than half, of his very life during more than fifty years. He could hardly ask forgiveness from the friends for whom this is written if he should do less.

L. F. P.

GRINNELL, November 16th, 1900.





MRS. L. F. PARKER, 1898

## MRS. L. F. PARKER.

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Soon after the American Revolution Richard Pearse left Bristol, R. I., to take possession of unimproved land in Vermont, which was then a magnetic center of pioneer hope. His ancestors had been connected with Bristol enterprise from the earliest period of white settlement there. They resided but a few miles from the scene of King Philip's life and death, and on the spot where his fagots burned the dwellings of the whites and where his tomahawk drank their blood. There was a tradition in the family, also, that, in a special emergency in the Revolutionary War, in response to a winter call, a member of it hastened into the army wearing a suit of colored clothes made up at home, the wool of which had protected the sheep only forty-eight hours before.

The Vermont land chosen by Mr. Pearse was in the present town of Sudbury, lying chiefly in a delightful little valley which was diversified by woodland, stream and lake, and encircled by a coronet of hills. He occupied it until his death, when it passed into the hands of Timothy Pearse, his tenth child.

It was added joy in Timothy's young family on February 21st, 1828, and a prophecy of life-long helpfulness to every member of it, when "Sarah Candace" entered it. She found in it her parents, about twenty-six years old; a sister two years of age, an infirm aunt and an aged grandmother. Her mother, named Harriet Wilder at birth, allied her to the English Wilders and the Scotch McClellans. On her father's side she was a relative of the Pecks (now represented in the Paris Exposition by United States Commissioner E. W. Peck), of the Wheelers and of President Monroe's family, and inherited a name from the Welsh Pearses. Little Sarah soon became the waiting-maid of all, and especially of the grandmother, whose stern, Spartan mold made a profound impression on the child. Her memory was rich in anecdotes, her heart was loving, her ideas forceful, her words imperative. She expected and received cheerful service, and repaid it with hearty affection and strong-minded companionship.

The young parents were of choicest New England spirit. Neither was demonstrative; both were the soul of sincerity. Even Henry Ward Beecher, who met so many who carried their "conscience in their pockets," would never think of looking there for theirs. They were kindred in purpose, and every good deed of the one was heartily seconded by the other. They were christian, intelligently, persistently, unostentatiously christian, but never invisibly so. They did not neglect their proper business for any religious exercise, for religious exercises were a noteworthy part of their business. All their busi-

ness, indeed, was religious. The Congregational church of Sudbury was largely indebted to the Pearses. Not infrequently the father, mother and two daughters, while near ten years of age, constituted the entire choir. About that time Vermont was the source of 'Millerism' and of the expectation that the world would be consumed in March, 1843. Many of that Sudbury church were swept off their feet then, and into the vortex of that exciting error, and from that into agnosticism and atheism—but none of that family.

An octogenarian in Iowa loves now to tell of his life in the Pearse family, where he learned to be "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." He says that Mr. Pearse invited him to attend revival services but that he declined because he was unwilling to lose the time. "But," said his employer, "your time shall go on as if you were on the farm." He accepted the opportunity to rest, and, contrary to his original plan, entered upon a new life. To that invitation made influential by the magnetic religion of the household, he attributes his own love and that of his children and his grandchildren for all that is most noble and holiest in this world or in any other.

Total abstinence was a new idea then, and Mr. Pearse adopted it with all its logical consequences. He learned that some of his neighbors were becoming cider-topers on the cider made at his mill. He at once destroyed the mill. He might have said that the cider which left it was excellent, without a harmful element in it, that his patrons alone were responsible for all its injurious qualities and for its unwise

use. His conscience, however, was sensitive and his interest in others was sincere. No neighbor of his should ever again become temporarily insane by any avoidable act of his, and he accounted every man his neighbor. Slavery, also, was convulsing church and state in his time. Opposition to it in the North ranged from silence to fanaticism. His substantial position was the one which eventually made Kansas a free state, saved the Union and emancipated the American slave. Even in the presence of the Fugitive Slave Law, a hungry man—whether white or black—could eat at his table, and a traveler could ride in his wagon even if he should be seeking the Canadian line and an Englishman's freedom on the other side.

It was before the organization of that Sudbury family that Judson and Mills had kindled the foreign missionary conflagration in many American hearts and homes. The thought that the Gospel should be carried to Persia and to India seemed natural to those parents and to their children. It became part of their daily thought, for they pondered the *Missionary Herald* and missionaries were frequent guests at their table. The children could never tell when the missionary idea first captivated them.

Nevertheless the parents were never so unwisely altruistic as to forget home duties or neighborhood obligations. With only moderate means at command their own necessities were first supplied, and, with them, ‘necessities’ included choice books and an unusually good district school. No book was placed in the hand of a child until it had been read and ap-

proved by the father. The school house was better furnished with apparatus than any other in that region, for Mr. Pearse supplemented public supplies by personal gifts. That self-appointed guardian of the school was permitted to please himself by obtaining the best teachers and levying frequent contributions on Middlebury College for that purpose. From that source came such men as Samuel S. Sherman (now LL. D.), who later attained an enviable reputation as a teacher in the South and in Wisconsin, and who now, at past eighty-five, retains the intellectual vigor of his prime. Another of those able teachers was Alvah Hovey, whom Baptists will recognize readily as "D. D." and "LL. D.", and as the long-time head of their Newton Theological Institute of high repute in Massachusetts and in the world.

The mother, gentle as a dove, secured compliance with her wishes in the home by a hint usually; at all events compliance was secured. She filled the house with the fragrance of Paradise, with its beauty of spirit and sweetness of song. There the usual good night with the children was the song, in which all joined:

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light," etc.

The first sound in the morning which floated into their chambers and aroused them from sleep was the stanza from the hymn of Isaac Watts:

"Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high;  
To Thee will I direct my prayer,  
To Thee lift up mine eye."

Snatches of song enlivened the day, and made every

duty easier. Worksongs made labor exhilarating and character-building.

The love of home became an enthusiasm not only by looking out upon the valley so carefully cultivated, on the beauty of the encircling hills and upon the crown of blue above them, but also by the song so often sung in solo and in chorus:

“Charming little valley,  
Smiling all so gaily,  
Like an angel’s brow;  
Spreading out thy treasures,  
Calling us to pleasures  
Pure and bright as thou.

Skies are bright above thee,  
Peace and quiet love thee,  
Tranquil little dell;  
In thy fragrant bowers,  
Twining wreaths of flowers,  
Love and friendship dwell.

May our spirits daily  
Be like thee, sweet valley,  
Tranquil and serene;  
Emblem to us given  
Of the vales of Heaven,  
Ever bright and green.”

In that family it was a joy to live, a pleasure to serve. That happy home was a perpetual inspiration to diffuse happiness. The children there could easily imagine that Heaven was not far away. From such a home children susceptible to the most delicate impressions of honor and of exalted character could go with only the loftiest ideals of life. There pessimism could find no recruits, and the blandishments of vice seemed insults to intelligence.

When fifteen years old, Sarah spent a year in Brandon Seminary, and, at sixteen, accompanied the family to Oberlin, Ohio, but with farewell tears for ‘the Diamond Rock,’ the ‘charming little valley,’ and the school friends of her earliest affection.

The father at forty-three, in 1844, began his western life in a forest with a small property, for his name on the note of a friend had robbed him of a competence. But there his house was scarcely finished and but a few acres of his land had been opened by his ax to the sunshine when his wife became a widow and his children fatherless.

The skies seemed leaden, but the mother was a quiet heroine, the two small boys took on new manliness, the older sister was in Heaven, and Sarah found the world rich in friendships. Oberlin people took very kindly to her. All of them did not introduce themselves as Mr. Finney did, however. As he was entering a sitting-room where she was, she withdrew; but having occasion to return, she entered when his back was turned toward her. Her footstep was heard. He turned sharply upon her with, “Who is this, Father Parsons? Who is this?” Without waiting an instant for a reply, fixing his great eyes full upon hers, he asked: “Do you love God?” Then turning quickly, he exclaimed: “If she don’t, she don’t deserve to live and isn’t fit to die! is she, Father Parsons?” No further introduction was needed. There was nothing arctic between them after that, and he commonly addressed her as “My Daughter.”

Her poise of character, accurate scholarship and genial spirit opened opportunities to teach in public

schools and in college preparatory classes, so far as time allowed; her expenses were light, and in every emergency assistance was volunteered. Within a year of graduation a call to a principalship in the Cincinnati schools came to her unsought. She could teach two years, be quite independent, and graduate with the one whose name she had consented to assume. She accepted the invitation.

The gentleman who had drawn her away to Cincinnati gave out that she was coming from the Western Reserve, near Cleveland, for Oberlin was then (in 1848) in special disfavor along the Ohio river, across which many an Eliza was flying toward Oberlin and Canada. On one occasion she was reminded of the new atmosphere which she had entered. John M. Langston, a classmate and a superior gentleman and scholar, the son of his master, and later a member of congress from eastern Virginia, delivered a package at her boarding place for her but did not ask to see her. When they next met, "Why did you not call for me?" she inquired.

"Do you not know that it would have cost you your position?" he responded. His suggestion was correct, for that was before Salmon P. Chase was sent to the United States senate as a free-soil democrat, and several years before even the Congregationalists of the country stood "on the grave of buried prejudices" at Oberlin.

Her examination there secured her a first-class certificate in all studies, although her knowledge of Natural History had been derived entirely from the choice books which her father had placed in her very juve-

nile hands. Her position, too, was very gratifying. At the end of the first year, however, the Board of Education contemplated giving her a more difficult place. Two members called at different times to confer with her on the subject. The first one found her at recess surrounded by a bevy of girls at her feet, leaning on her chair, and clinging to her person. The second one said to her in the presence of her school: "We want you to go to another ward." At once the children sprang to their feet, exclaiming: "Don't go, teacher, don't go!"

At the end of the second year the board asked her to accept the principalship of the high school—an enviable position and at a liberal salary—but she declined to change her original plan. On her recommendation Miss Mary Atkins, a very accomplished lady and teacher, was installed in the place.

From Cincinnati she bore away a sea of happiest memories of teachers, of pupils, of her connection with Dr. Lowell Mason's Handel and Haydn Society, and even of some hours of anxious thought. She had gone there not merely for the salary but largely for the privilege of serving her pupils. She loved them for what they might become. All intercourse with them had their improvement distinctly in view. For this she opened her school daily with scripture reading and prayer, and was perhaps the only one in the city who did so. In that exercise the children in her rudest ward heard the outflow of her sincerest interest in them and gave their warmest love in response. Outside of the schoolroom opposition to the religious exercise appeared. Threats of news-

paper attacks were made; friends called to consult. "Is a compromise possible?" was their query. "No other exercise has been so helpful. I can leave but I can not surrender." Her calm resolution and the enthusiastic love of her children was a sufficient supplementary answer. Nothing was printed; nothing was changed. The incident was a victory and a prophecy.

She returned to college in 1850 and to the associations in which mind and heart are unveiled with completest unreserve. She returned to tried friends, to those who had given her classes to teach, to her pupils in college, and to those who had placed her at the head of the largest choir in the state. She returned to the group in which every young lady was loved as a sister, and every young man had been treated as she would wish to have another treat her own brother. Delicately, even to young men, she had uttered words of honest appreciation, and, just as delicately, she had spoken words of gentlest yet direct reproof, and all without any appearance of prudery or of self-conscious wisdom or piety. She had often thought that no American college or modern school of the prophets ever had a faculty so nobly inspiring as that in Oberlin from 1840 to 1850. It was, indeed, a rare privilege to be in the great choir led by George N. Allen, to sit in the classroom of James Dascomb, James A. Thome, James Monroe or James H. Fairchild, and to listen to the public addresses of Asa Mahan, the admirer of Kant, of John Morgan, of universal scholarship and superb common-sense, and of Charles G. Finney,

who might have been a dramatic star if he had not been the largest minded revivalist of the century and an eminently philosophic theologian.

It has been said that at Oxford the students are the real teachers, and even Edward Everett Hale says that "the good of a college is not in what it teaches" but "is to be had from the fellows who are there." With that in mind, even, her life at Oberlin was at a favorable time. It remained a life-long pleasure that she could be on terms of intimacy in formative days in choir or class, in college society or in social life with such young women as Sallie Holley, Jane Loughridge, the Strong sisters, Lucy Stone, Antoinette L. Brown and Mary Atkins, and with young men like John M. Ellis, who went from a carpenter's shop to a professorship in Oberlin college; like Thomas H. Robinson, whose whitewashing in college aided in paying college expenses and did not prevent a thirty years' pastorate in Harrisburg or a twenty years' professorship in Western Theological Seminary, and like J. Dolson Cox, whose bread-making in the college boarding-hall antedated his state and national service as Ohio legislator and governor, as Union general in the Civil War, as Grant's Secretary of the Interior, and as a graceful and reliable historian in later years. Even if Samuel F. Cooper is named today, who has served his generation nobly as colonel in war and as banker, judge, consul and legislator in peace, and J. A. R. Rodgers whose name is written in enduring honor in the history of Berea College, many must still be nameless here whom she recalled in happiest remembrance through fifty years.

The two years after her graduation were devoted to teaching in Vermont and in Willoughby (now Painesville) Female Seminary in Ohio. As usual with her, they were years of transforming influence, years of the formation of grateful friendships which illuminated every succeeding year of life.

She was married August 21, 1853. The three succeeding years were spent chiefly in the school with her husband in Brownsville, Pennsylvania. Her tact in discovering and in winning those who were liable to think too much of something less valuable than superior scholarship, was illustrated as she entered her room there for the first time. As usual, all the pupils were eager to take the measure of the new teacher at once. They lingered about the entrance looking keenly into her face. To one of them she said: "What is your name?" "Ge Hoover." "There's lots of fun in your eyes, Ge, but you will leave it all out of doors, won't you?" "Yes'm," said the young rogue. He kept his promise.

In 1856 the purpose to 'go West' was formed, notwithstanding urgencies to remain and offers to erect an academy if that was desired. But New Englanders and their descendants have a preference for a Yankee environment, where customs are familiar and ancestral relationships can be maintained. Lawrence, Kansas, tempted, but her husband's experience there when Colonel Buford's party was entering the territory from Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina, and when John Brown reached the town just after it had been burned, made a soldier's service seem more opportune than a teacher's. Tabor sent

an invitation, but the place appeared embarrassingly near the corner of the state. An Oberlin classmate, Mr. Samuel F. Cooper, sent an assurance that Grinnell, his home, was the town of promise; Rev. George W. Clark, an evangelist familiar with Iowa, gave independent emphasis to the same thought. Their influence prevailed. Grinnell became her home when the town was a prairie dot two years old.

“Grinnell University” was then on paper. Iowa College was in Davenport, had graduated five students, and was closed two years later. A few young women had been admitted tentatively to the institution in Davenport, but when re-opened in Grinnell it was distinctively as a co-educational institution. Mrs. Parker was employed as a teacher in it in 1862, and was chosen to be the first “Lady Principal” the next year.

Her teaching in Grinnell had been only occasional and wholly without regard to compensation before 1862; after that time her salary ranged from \$250 to \$400. She was in pioneer and home missionary conditions. Passing hours were full of toil, but seemed rich in opportunity. In sympathy with college aims, in a community of congenial spirits, and with young men and young women in the institution who gave her their most sacred confidences and sought her counsel, she devoted herself to her varied and heavy tasks with the zeal of a martyr.

The care alone of her growing family when she was thirty-four years old was enough for a strong woman, but she gladly added to that the responsibilities of teacher, organizer, counselor, and mother for ‘her girls’

especially, and the work of hostess for their friends.\* She was all these, and remarkably successful in each impersonation. In all, her generalship was as quiet as Grant's and as successful in her sphere. Difficulties melted away under her touch or shrank into smallest possible proportions. Work strictly collegiate pressed most heavily upon her in the spring and summer of 1864, when all the male pupils of military age were in the army with her husband, and the college became, practically, a female seminary. In only one letter did she ever give expression to her burdens, and then said she would never name them again. She never did. But her associates were nobly considerate. The undergraduate young ladies made the commencement of that year a memorable one. This was but natural, for her pupils — taken into her heart on introduction and into her home when sick, and receiving healing from her loving smile, her gentle touch and her wise ministrations — had good memories. She felt that she was moving among moral heroes; their response was admiration, affection and cheerful coöperation. Her supreme effort, however, was to ennable character, and if the expressions of gratitude by her pupils for her success in this regard in those days and since then could be transmuted into granite, no other monument would be needed to mark the spot where her mortal remains now rest.

In such hours of toil the trustees came to her fam-

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\*The wife of a professor from New England, after residing near her for a time, said to her: "You make me tired." "How so?" "There is such an endless stream of callers at your house for meals and for lodgings." That entertainment seemed to be a pioneer necessity.

ily for an added service: "The college boarding-house is returning nothing to the institution. Two parties in succession have failed financially and utterly. Must we advance our charges for board? We want you to solve the problem by taking charge of the hall." To such an appeal she could only yield assent. The solution was favorable for the college and for the students, and largely because of her masterly skill in household economics. The hall yielded an income ever after. The price for board was not increased.

The trustees sent her out, also, to study the methods of older institutions for women. On that tour it was her pleasure to be the first person admitted into Vassar for that purpose. Her report gratified the trustees and gave them renewed confidence in the general plans adopted here.

Special credit is due to her for the organization of the Ladies' Education Society in the college. Miss Hester A. Hillis, in 1862, was in need of funds beyond her reach. Mrs. Julius A. Reed, an ever-responsive friend, joined Mrs. Parker in planning for assistance. The terms of the Education Society at Jacksonville, Illinois, were under consideration. A friend inquired: "Why not organize such a society in Grinnell and for Iowa College?" Mrs. Parker accepted the idea.\* It was the natal hour of a most useful organization. It has been a gracious providence to many, a fountain of good around the globe. Eighty-five young women

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\*A somewhat recent letter from a member of the Jacksonville Society at that time, notices the correspondence on that subject and that Mrs. Reed closed it saying: "Mrs. Parker says: 'No, we will not ask aid from abroad; we will take care of Miss Hillis ourselves.'"

have been assisted by it, and its assets now amount to over \$6,000, most of which may be loaned to worthy applicants. The records of its early years bear witness to a kind of christian audacity in promising funds not in sight, and to an unexpected inflow in every instance "which precisely supplied the want." Mrs. Parker did not intend to imitate George Muller in making those promises, but to use every effort to redeem them; and in every instance the means of doing so came before she had time to make the effort! Nothing could seem more providential than the receipt of those funds.

The visit of Mrs. Lavinia W. Pierce to Grinnell in 1864 made her a conspicuous benefactor of that society. An impecunious college student enlisted her interest; an interview with the lady principal deepened it. She decided to assist her. Before it was done, the inquiry was made: "May it not be done through the Education Society and by its methods?" The plans of the society were a revelation to the visitor. She was delighted with them. They were kept in happy memory after her return to Springfield, Massachusetts, by her continued and cordial correspondence with the lady principal. At the end of her life, a few months later, the unexpected provision was found in her will that \$1,000 should be placed in the hands of the college trustees as an endowment fund for the benefit of that society.

Its usefulness has transcended the highest expectations of its most optimistic friends.

Her residence in Iowa City from 1870 to 1888 gave her a pleasant relief from excessive toil, even though

she taught some of her husband's classes in the university in 1875, while he was in Europe. She always maintained a close connection with collegiate life by opening her rooms to students as visitors and as members of her family and by attending their public exercises, in many of which she took part in some official way during her eighteen years in Iowa City and her last twelve in Grinnell.

Her frequent visits to the Rocky Mountains were always a source of thrilling delight before and after 1880. Their canons and the contorted strata of their rocky sides, their rushing streams and silvery falls, their flowery dells and snow-capped summits, their arch of sky so brightly blue above them and their panorama of rocks and plain changing like fairy land at every step — these, all these, charmed the eye, fired the imagination, caused every nerve to tingle with pleasure, and photographed themselves upon the mind in fadeless memories. On those mountain rambles at sixty she was but a girl of sixteen again in endurance and in enthusiastic expression. They recalled the hours of a happy youth among Vermont hills and on its Green Mountains. There, too, came the sublime thoughts of poet and of prophet, as with Shelley she saw "The mountains kiss high heaven," and, with Pope, "Hills peep o'er hills and Alps on Alps arise," and as she looked on Pike's Peak she remembered Goldsmith's words:

"Round his breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on his head."

There, too, came vivid recollections that, "The strength of the hills is His also," and, "As the mountains are

round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people."

A similar yet a more varied joy was hers in 1880, as she traversed Europe from Scotland to the Mediterranean and from Dublin to Berlin and Venice with her eldest daughter, for there were the added charms from human life, from art, and from the memorials of human history. We reproduce a single contribution of hers to the press during these tours, to indicate something of her habit of observation, her sources of pleasure, and her forms of expression:

"FROM VIENNA TO VENICE—IN VENICE."

"'God made the country, and man made the town,' never touched us with its strength of meaning till we crossed the Semmering. We had admired Vienna by night and by day, its streets brilliant with light and the display of merchandise; its palatial homes, their gardens and fountains; its immense and costly edifices; its galleries with treasures from the old and the new. We had grown ecstatic over Schonbrunn, the Emperor's summer palace; its wonderful park of carefully trimmed trees whose interlacing boughs shaded all walks; its superbly beautiful garden, surrounded by high hedges, into which at short intervals fine statuary is set; and on an eminence, green as Erin and cool with fountains, that imposing colonnade, the Glorietta. 'Only Paris could show us more,' we thought.

"We leave the enchanting city. When out on the plain, 'the dim outline of mountains appears in the distance. As we draw nearer and nearer, castles and snow-tipped peaks appear through cloud and haze. We enter a little defile, and, passing through, we reach the station. A moment's stay, the bell gives its three taps, the engine slightly whistles, the railway employees lift their hats and bow to the train officers, and in silence we move on.

"With one deep inspiration, simultaneously, we rise to our

feet, for never did our eyes rest on such a magnificent view as this on the Semmering. We had entered a vast amphitheater built by no human hand. Its upper tier was in the cloud-land, gray and silvery; its middle, green with pine and the fresh growth of spring; its lower, bright with the flora of May and dotted with the homes of the peasant and the villas of the more wealthy. Its stage was the exquisite little village, its parquet the meadows and gardens. Up and around this vast circumference we were to go, and without fear, for no iron bridges imperilled us, no crazy wooden structures could catch a spark and burn, or break and plunge us into the depths. Solid stone arches, tier on tier, bore the stately train over ravines; massive masonry on the right protected us from land or snow slides, and battlements of stone guarded us from a fall on the left. Tunnels lined with brick and mortar led us through promontories of rock, and at the end of every one we exclaimed, 'This view is more charming than the last.' We rode toward the tops of the tallest pines, then left them far below; we gazed down on the white, smooth roads, on vineyard and orchard, rushing cataract and silver waterfall, and back on the arches, the heights and depths over which we had come, till we plunged into the mountain and out again, to find only another view that rivalled the 'Happy Valley.' For two hours we were in a state of ecstasy.

"On the height the trains paused. Women reached out to us bouquets of spring flowers and the edelweiss arranged in crosses and many fanciful designs. Here is the boundary between Austria and Styria. The descent is a perfect contrast to the ascent. We follow the lovely valley of the Murz. Forges, villas, chateaus and old castles are all along the Murz and the Mur till we enter the rocks again. Seven hundred yards of viaduct, the same of tunnel, and we are on the Drau and soon in Marburg, the second town in Styria. More than five hours had we been in the heart of the mountains. At noon the next day Venice was in sight.

"We almost fancied we had been there before. The Grand Canal, the gondolas, the old palaces, looked very familiar, and it was delightful to miss the noise of the carriage and

train and hear only the dip of the oar and the call of the gondoliers as we passed under the bridges, around curves, between darting boats, until we came out again on the grand canal and the Riva degli Schiavoni. Here, where Chiesa del Salute heads the view to the right, the harbor in front, the Park and Lido to the left, we were to spend three quiet, restful days at Pension Ausora, in the churches, palaces and museums of this island city. To row about the decaying architecture and see the crabs come up on the moss at the water's edge to eat and sun themselves, to watch the open markets as we pass,—as fresh with vegetables and bright with summer fruits as our own, and more radiant with flowers—to cross the Rialto and think of the Merchant of Venice and the noble Portia, to meet the Shylocks still trading there, to watch the moving masses on the narrow streets, explore the Bridge of Sighs and the dungeon, to ramble through the rooms of the Doge's Palace, was only a little of what filled all days. The beautiful Chiesa de Gesuiti will be a delight to remember, with its marble and verde-antico draperies and carvings.

"We walk to the Arcades with the throng, we sip our *cafe noir* with the multitude that we may have a seat and watch the moving thousands and listen to the band that plays on the evening of Pentecost. We watch the clock to see the man (statue) on the top strike the hour, and when the other clocks have struck, to see him on the other side repeat the hour. We pace the broad piazza and view the regiments of soldiers, see the doves flit and eat, gaze on the historic bronze horses, the lofty campanile, and give our last morning to St. Mark's. But we cannot comprehend or remember it. It is too much—the blending of all styles, all ages, all marbles, with the mosaics and frescoes, statuary and ancient tombs, and we leave feeling more ignorant than we went in.

"But ah! The last evening! It was moonlight, and we had reviewed the shops, the Rialto, the boats with their tiny lights, till we, too, longed for a quiet ride in these omnibuses of Venice. By the piazzetta we found our gondolier, and in a moment we were off, past Salute, Desdemona's house, the

palaces on the Grand Canal, till we reached the great toll bridge, when we returned and came to where the Austrian Lloyd steamer was anchored and just ready to sail. A multitude of boats with tiny lights were flitting about like fireflies on a summer's eve. Two gondolas had brilliant colored lanterns, and in them an Italian band of singers gave their finest songs. The ship sent up its rockets and blue lights in response. Many times this was repeated, till a voice shouted, "Viva Italia!" and the crowd huzzaed. From the shore came, "Viva Venezia!" and hundreds on the wharf responded. Again and again came shout and huzza with all the enthusiasm of a sunny clime, till the steamer puffed, the singers turned toward land, the tiny lights scattered, the crowds dispersed, the steamer was off, and all was still in Venice."

With such keenness of observation, and such a thrill of pleasure she visited museums and galleries, studied old Chester and older Rome and more modern Berlin, and took mental photographs of persons, of places and of masterpieces of art. She had long been a diligent student of earlier and of later Europe, and was able to see much that would have been unseen by the eyes of one less informed. That year gave added zest to all her later study of European art and action, and stimulated her to write many a paper on European artists and on the makers of European history for the literary and the historical societies in Iowa City and in Grinnell of which she became a member.

The year 1880 opened with a rare family event. On its first day her grandmother was one hundred years old. The family assembled at Pittsfield, Ohio, from points across the continent, to celebrate the day. Mrs. Parker read the family history on that occasion,

naming each descendant of the grandmother. We quote her opening and her closing words:

"As the eldest living grandchild, and hence able to look farther backward than most here, I have been called on to review briefly the fortunes of this household. To the dead, not the living, I hope to give the just meed of praise in this 'Family History':

—

"They left the plowshare in the mold,  
The flocks and herds without a fold,  
The sickle in the unshorn grain,  
The corn half garnered on the plain,  
And mustered in their simple dress,  
For wrongs to seek a stern redress,  
To *right* those wrongs, come weal, come woe,  
To *perish* or o'ercome the foe."

"These lines, from the poet McLellan of Maine, we have all read with a thrill of pride and patriotism. I repeat them because a McLellan wrote them, and because they describe the men, the times and the patriotic fervor of the Old Thirteen, when our 'house-mother'—ever blessed be her memory—entered the lists on life's battle-field, on the first hour of the day, the first day of the week, the year and the decade in 1780, in the town of Royalton, in the old Bay State. Lilly McLellan she should have been christened, for Mary Lilly and Moses McLellan were the parental names, sounding strongly of Scotch sense, piety and learning. Three P's were the genii of her nursery—prudence, for there was little to own; patriotism, for country was the great good; piety, for 'In God we Trust,' was the motto of the Revolution.

"Her girlhood was passed in Petersham. In her twenty-first year, in the Mayday of life and in the Mayday of the year, 'mid bird-songs and apple-blooms, Daniel Wilder—her fair young Saxon lover—took his bonny, black-eyed Scotch bride to his home in the same town. In 1805 the young couple brought one daughter, Harriet, to the 'New State' of Vermont, and located in the valley that lies between Lake

Champlain and the Green Mountains, in Orwell, Vermont. There were added to their list of ‘olive plants,’ Orsemus, Artemas, Hosea, Joel, Almon, Daniel, Mary, Susan, and a baby boy whose few weeks of life gave him no name to record. Daniel smiled and prattled two brief years, then closed his dark eyes, stilled his little tongue, and the violets bloomed upon his earth-covered couch.

“Bravely the pair subdued forest and field, battled with sickness, and kept the approaching ‘wolf’ at bay, till, in 1835, the fever for the new west carried all but two of the family to Pittsfield, Lorain County, Ohio. Pioneer life a second time awaited them, and through its labor and privation a permanent home was gained before ‘Uncle Sam was rich enough to give us all a farm.’

“Let us pause here a moment and glance backward at one or two scenes that illustrate the spirit and the pleasures of their Vermont home. Who of the elders among us can forget the winter singing-school, our chief source of acquaintance and social amusement? There the white-haired father, his five stalwart sons, his eldest and his two youngest daughters, met the musical residents of two towns and sang Uxbridge and Rockingham, Sherburne and Greensfield, and those beautiful anthems, ‘Vital spark of heavenly flame,’ and ‘The Fall of Babylon.’ Who of us forgets the music of the Sudbury choir, the venerable man with a voice deep and sonorous as the strains of organ bass, and his sons and daughters making harmony that would rival Apollo’s choir. And the Thanksgivings at the old home, when only three grandchildren looked on with wondering eyes, and watched and listened till the scene was painted on memory’s canvas never to be effaced by time. The church service with its memorable choir, the cold ride, the longing look for ‘grandpa’s house,’ the joy the first peep gave us, the incoming to the warmth of the great open fire-place, the loving reception and unwrapping. Then—oh, what a scene for hungry children!—the long table, the roast pig with a lemon in his mouth, the chicken pie elaborately ornamented, the riches of field,

orchard and garden spread along the board—pumpkin pies and rice puddings with raisins in them, rare luxuries for 1830; sweet doughnuts and golden apples, butternuts and walnuts. When all was ready the nine sons and daughters were called from the great square room. Each came and stood behind the chair assigned, and not till the last restless child was still did the reverend father give thanks and ask God's blessing on the feast and the family. Then quietly each was seated, and news, politics, the sermon and family affairs were discussed with the dinner.

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"But, as the years rolled on, the winged archer met each child, emptied his quiver, and on Love's wings guided his captives to new homes. Then the lonely couple cheered themselves with memories of the past, with frequent visits to and from the flitted ones, who brought new voices and new faces into the bereft home, gathered on mother's birthday to celebrate it with feast and song—glees and hymns, old fugue tunes and anthems.

"Longfellow says:

'Into each life some rain must fall.

Some days must be dark and dreary.'

And hers whose centennial year we celebrate, and whose history we only touch to-day, have not escaped. At sixty-two she lost a limb, at seventy-two a portion of the store laid by for declining years was lost, her collar-bone was broken at eighty-nine and her hip at ninety-three. Every limb has been broken or badly sprained, and many times has death seemed inevitable. Seventy years our ancestral pair shared each other's griefs and cares, comforts and joys, till in March, 1871, after years of suffering from erysipelas, pneumonia broke both silver cord and golden chain, and our 'house-father' was at rest, aged ninety years. Not one of us can do his memory justice. Industry and an incorruptible honesty—deeds, not words, characterized his life. Scorning the world's shallow judgment by externals, he believed with Burns that,

'A man's a man, for a' that.'

He was modestly and sincerely christian, bearing life's vicissitudes and doing his work with his eye on the land of Beulah.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The blood of five nationalities flows in our veins—Scotch from our mother, English from our father, and in the second generation backward uniting with Welsh, Irish and Dutch.

"Thus reads the personal history of one hundred years—four generations. It is the usual record of life. Infant beauty perished, youthful promise blasted, young hopes disappointed, maturer plans failing, the support of age cut off, and—what compensation! Suffering teaches us sweet sympathy, sorrow binds us closer and chafes away our pride, virtue brings its own reward, love begets love, and what makes earth a paradise or home a heaven more than sympathy and unity, virtue and love?

"All this has come to her whose presence we honor to-day, who welcomes us to her home and calls us her children, and who sings in her heart, with Susan Coolidge:

'Yet patiently I bide and stay,  
Knowing the secret of my fate;  
The hour of bloom, dear Lord, I wait,  
Come when it will, or soon or late,—  
A hundred years is but a day.' "

Mrs. Parker was the only person who could write that history, the only one who had acquired such a personal familiarity with the life of every member of the family.

While she was residing in Iowa City she interested herself in an effort to maintain a Protestant Sunday-school in the Bohemian portion of the city, and also in the Industrial School for the benefit of the children of the poor. At a service there in memory of Mrs. Parker and of Mrs. President J. L. Pickard, on July 13th, 1900, Mrs. Professor E. R. (Laura Clarke) Rockwood said that the Bohemian chapel there was

"in part a monument to her efforts," for she "was the first to start out with a subscription paper to raise money for its erection, and that she was still held in loving remembrance by those who were then in attendance."

Of her service in the Industrial School Mrs. Rockwood said:

"The work which brought her in closest connection with the lowly ones of our town was that which she did in the Industrial School, which she helped to organize and of which she was superintendent for a long time. Not satisfied with meeting the children for an hour or two on Saturdays, she called at their homes, became acquainted with their mothers, and, in many ways, *proved herself their friend*. Through this work they learned to love her, and they love her still."

We may add that the children loved to run to her on the street, to take her hand and lead her to their homes. The mothers looked out wonderingly on such familiarity with a 'stranger,' but the moment her name was mentioned their faces became radiant, and their German or Bohemian words leaped over the fragments of their English ones often in an amusing fashion in their loving haste to express gratitude and to tell of their children's new-born industry and economy. "My leedle girl ask, 'What can I do? for Mrs. Parker say we muss help mutter.'" "I muss sew mine dress, for Mrs. Parker say, 'A stitch in time save nine.'" Such anecdotes showed her that her brief lectures in the school on moral and industrial topics were not wasted on the desert air.

After she left the city some of the little girls who did not know of her removal went to the City Hall as usual and sang the songs they had learned there

and wrote her a letter of love and sorrow that she was gone. The mayor was so affected by their tender recollections that he wrote her an account of it all.

The work to which she devoted brain and hand at all times would seem to have been enough to occupy the mind and the time of one who made her home an Eden for her husband, her children and for many beside these, nevertheless she took sincerest pleasure in caring for an aged aunt and for her twice widowed mother through their latest years, and in giving a constant welcome to students to membership in her family. Even then such an overwhelming sorrow came to her in 1876, that she gladly accepted still other responsibilities. When her Lennie at not quite 15, and her Cora at 11 years of age, passed from her sight through the Iowa River, she was stunned. She exclaimed: "I must take up some more distinctly christian work or I must die." \*

Just then the Iowa Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior was organized. She was asked to do its heaviest work as its secretary. She

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\*She felt as did Longfellow when he wrote:

"We seek, with joyous quest,  
God's service sweet to wipe all tears away,  
And list we every hour, with eager zest,  
For high command to toil that God has blest;  
So fill we full our endless sunshine day."

A Massachusetts gentleman, prominent in business life, wrote Mrs. Parker what others have thought, viz.:

"As I read your letter I came to that part beginning, 'And now that I cannot work for my own I must have an interest in others or I believe I would die.' Nothing that I have read in my life ever touched me so deeply as that grand sentence. It makes me a child as I think of your forgetting the burden of your own sorrows in the sublime effort to make others happy."

gladly accepted the place and resigned it only with her life.

That her interest in foreign missions was first aroused in her Vermont home has been noticed already. Oberlin intensified it, for her students were then going out among the Indians along the Upper Mississippi, among Canada's fugitive slaves and Jamaica's freedmen. They went, too, into all the hardest fields of home missionary service, the harder the better for many of those Oberlin altruists. It was natural, then, that during her college course she should cherish the thought that she, too, would enter the foreign field.

The American Missionary Association was very largely a child of Oberlin. Its secretary, at her graduation, was an ex-professor of that college. He urged her prospective husband to take her into one of its chief foreign fields in 1853, either to the Mendi Mission, where they should reduce the language to writing, or to Siam where some infelicities at Bangkok demanded adjustment. At that time his health was so infirm that some believed that three months would terminate his active work. That incident alone detained her in this country. It did not check her interest in missions. As a teacher thenceforward her supreme effort was to develop intellect and heart, to create helpful interest in all mankind with no limits of zone or race.

Her obvious missionary influence was most marked in the case of Miss Hester A. Hillis, who came to Grinnell a shrinking yet heroic soul, responsive to every touch of sympathy, to every suggestion of ser-

vice. Her unostentatious self-sacrifice, her ever-growing self-direction gathered about her a regiment of friends, made her seem destined to conspicuous usefulness. Mrs. Parker, more than all others combined, secured her a place as missionary to Ceylon for ten years, and then, when, in a moment of human and official infirmity, she was not returned to a Tamil field, she resolved to be an independent missionary in Central India, none were more zealous than her former teacher in supplementing her efforts. The 'Hillis Alcove' in the library of Iowa College named in honor of that first missionary from the institution, is ample proof of the respect cherished for her and for her work by those who knew her best, and the tearful love of Tamil mothers for her, the gift of her name to their children and their loving emulation of her life—all these furnish abundant evidence that Mrs. Parker was wise in leading her into that field.

When she was called to the secretaryship of the Iowa Branch she needed no quickening of interest for its work. Her heart was in it all, for an impulse to it was a longing for the manifested love of the children who had dropped so suddenly from her arms. Other mothers she saw in vision whose children were lost, hopelessly lost; other homes appeared on which rested the shadow of the raven's wing, homes in which no christian trust ever entered with its gladdening promise. For such mothers, for such homes, she accepted this new privilege.

Here, as elsewhere, she never asked how little she could do, but rather how much that would be help-

ful. She never sought prominence; she always longed to open a window into her own mind. If her words ever seemed beautiful or glowing it was not that she sought to make them so, but because she succeeded in disclosing something of her own thought.

She commenced her first report (in May, 1877) with the words:

"The beginning of any enterprise is a formative period, full of obstacles and discouragements. Study must conquer ignorance, failure give us the best experience, plans must be abandoned for better ones, opinion meet opinion in fair discussion till the best shall be chosen to mold our action, until we learn our work and the workers, and how to make the most and best of both. The history of this first year of the Iowa Branch furnishes no exception to our statement.

"At Burlington, June 1, 1876, we resolved to be either the Aaron or the Hur under our Moses' hand while we urge on the battle of Christianity against Heathenism, proclaiming to the vanquished, 'O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted, behold I will lay thy stones with fair colors and thy foundations with sapphires. And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord and great shall be the peace of thy children.' And to the God of battles, as of peace, have our earnest cries arisen for soldiers and standard-bearers, for wealth and the willing mind to consecrate it. Hence the year has been one of marked progress, notwithstanding the pressure of the times."

Her beginning of the second report was as follows:

"'I am dazzled with the philosophy of the Gospel,' said the first thinker of America only a few weeks ago; and, responsive, on the other side of the globe, a state officer testified, 'The most important and prosperous thing in Tokio is Christianity.' In the service of this philosophy, this Christianity, we meet to-day."

A type of her winsome urgency appears at the close of her sixth report:

"The self-sustaining churches of Iowa are about to throw their arms around their less fortunate brotherhood. The ministers and laymen, the churches with their pastors, are pledged to your needs, and give you the blessed opportunity of supporting the greatest enterprise of the nineteenth century. Will you do it?

"A sense of personal responsibility for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ is what every one of us needs to-day. It should drop in our speech, glow in our letters, weave itself into our plans, and work out more than our own salvation. Let us call to one another over this great state and proclaim the magnitude and the necessities of this branch of christian effort till a glow of apostolic zeal is felt from hearth-stone to pulpit, till the churches are linked together, for East and West and North and South, and every one who calls himself by Christ's name shall lay his gift upon the altar and say, 'The world to Christ we bring.'"

Of woman's relation to the world's evangelization she said in her eighth report:

"There is no hope of success in christianizing the world until woman is more surely reached. *The mother and the home*, these are the greatest moral powers the earth knows, and in the eastern hemisphere are pre-eminently the hope or the despair of the world."

Of the missionaries' need of sympathy she wrote as follows in 1885:

"Follow them in peril on the deep, among a strange people where the dear native tongue is not heard, among robbers who make spoil of their goods, or where they are shunned as the evil one. Their home is often unsubstantial or on damp and malarious soil, poisonous insects creep in their drawers and beds and even hang over them from thatched roofs or twine on the veranda pillars. They are sometimes forced to live on native food, ill adapted to their

health or needs. If they depend on foreign supplies the flour and meal may be musty, canned meat or fruit often spoiled, prepared food attacked by ants in most secluded places and devoured in a night. Children must be sent home at an early age to prevent contamination or the evil effects of the climate.

"Are such experiences easy to be borne? It is not all these, nor separation from friends nor from children which most calls for our sympathy; but in the words of President Angell, of Michigan University—formerly United States minister to China to negotiate a treaty—'Really the hardest thing, what I did not know of, something that we cannot appreciate, is what may be called the tremendous pressure of heathen life that bears down upon a man until it seems to force the very life out of him. As a matter of fact when they live too long in the interior, some of them actually suffer from mental aberration.'"

She quoted a similar thought from President Albert Loughridge, now of Marshall College, Texas, and formerly a missionary in India.

Nowhere was the fervor of affection more manifest than when she wrote of individual missionaries and of their work. In October, 1887, she noticed the life of Miss Hillis who had "passed from the increasing joy of her ministry on earth to the greater joy of ministry from Heaven."

"To those regions of need [in India] she went from our homes, from our college classes, remaining ever in our hearts. Before she left she was a sister of charity, an angel of mercy, the voice of God to all about her. She must have been no less abroad. May all memories of her be like the falling mantle of the ascending prophet—a new commission to carry the good news to every creature, a new impulse to copy her divinely heroic life, a life hid with Christ in God."

She alluded to Mrs. Magoun in 1897, saying:

"One year ago we seemed to hear the query, 'Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy leader from thy head to-day?' For twenty-five years Mrs. Magoun had led thought for foreign missions in the state, as Secretary or as President, then as Honorary President. She was in the valley of shadow, and on January 7th passed over the river. To-day, on the other side, she would say to us:

'O friends of mortal years,  
The trusted and the true,  
Ye are watching still in the valley of tears—  
But I wait to welcome you.'

"How soon the welcome may come we do not know, but we do know that, whatever is left for us to do, must be done quickly."

She closed her last 'Home' report in October of last year in her characteristically sweet and stimulating style:

"With this happy ending we begin a new year. We cannot rest in our joy; we still hear 'the cry of the children,' and the wailing of widows and orphans which will not cease until Jesus reigns. To this sublime end we bend our energies. It is worthy of our best, our steadfast efforts. So let us make our pledges, bring our thank-offerings, study our calendar in preparation for our quiet Sabbath evening hour, answer our letters, fill the blanks, then if we

'Speak a shade more kindly than the year before,  
Pray a little oftener, love a little more,  
Cling a little closer to the Father's love,  
Life below shall liker grow to the life above.'

Within that hallowed year to which she was looking forward, her 'life below' passed serenely on and dissolved into 'the life above.'

The portions of this work which were most nearly invisible cost her most. In addition to her regular correspondence, there were words of hope to the

over-burdened home missionary wives, aid in developing programs for many localities, the copying and transmission of information, preparing itineraries for lecturers and missionaries visiting Iowa, and maintaining a personal acquaintance with those on the foreign field and with the persons most active at home.

Just what it all cost in time and effort only one can know whose desk was near her own during all these years. The joy that came to her from it all can be appreciated only by one who heard the exclamations of pleasure and saw the overflow which dimmed the eyes as correspondence brought her ever-increasing expressions of gratitude and of affection for aid and for sympathy.

Mrs. Parker attended the annual meeting of the W. B. M. I. in the autumn of 1899 on crutches. She seemed to be nearing complete recovery from a fall in the previous January. In January of 1900 she began to suffer from apparent rheumatism growing steadily worse until April 2nd, when she made her last entry in her diary. On the next day her pulse ran up to 160. The end seemed very near for a time. The true character of the disease then appeared unquestionable. It was nervous exhaustion, the result, in part at least, of her fall. A fatal termination was probable; "one step up and two down to the end," said her physician. His prophecy proved true, notwithstanding the best exercise of human skill to prevent it.

She had suffered much, but hoped and expected to recover. She had desired to round out twenty-five

years in her missionary secretaryship. Days, months and years at her desk had brought her heart to heart with loving friends and made them dearer, had communicated a part of herself to others in Iowa, in Chicago and around the world, which came back to her again in gladdest benediction. The loved queen in the home, welcomed as a benefactor wherever she went, she loved to live in this world. After presenting her with a loving message from friends at one time, the husband said: "This is a good world to live in." Her response was quick and emphatic: "It is." But suffering led her slowly to be willing, and then to choose, to go soon. During those later hours of impending farewells she could utter but a few words at a time and with difficulty. She said to her daughter that she had many things to say but could not speak them. The few words she could utter were very precious. The dearest must not be repeated.

Her daughter, constantly at her side, never heard her quote so much poetry as then to express the thoughts of the hour. On one occasion when her husband was leaving to preach the funeral sermon for an old friend, with her 'Good bye,' she repeated Mrs. Browning's stanza, changing a single word:

"And friends, dear friends, when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let one, most loving of you all,  
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er' him 'fall:  
He giveth his beloved sleep.'"

She had often expressed a wish to go at last with her husband without an hour of separation. This

was much in her thought while dropping so steadily down to the close. "If I go now, you will come soon," she said on one occasion. On another, when disease and medicine combined to render her occasionally unconscious of environment, he kneeled at her couch for the usual "Good night." It was thought that she might not be entirely aware of his presence, but she attempted to speak. She failed. A little later the daughter came to his room to say:

"Mother has just said that she wanted to ask you if you were telling her 'Good night' forever? I told her: 'Oh, no. Just for to-night.' She then said: 'If he was saying it forever, I wanted to ask him to remember the inscription on our monument in the cemetery.'"

The daughter was amazed. She did not remember the inscription. She feared that her mother's mind was in shadow. But she could have uttered no thought more tenderly sacred than that, for that inscription was very precious to the parents for what it was in itself and because of its origin. Twenty-four years before, they were seeking some expressive phrase or sentiment to place upon the monument above the dear children who had just fallen asleep. They found nothing satisfactory. At last the husband inquired if this would seem appropriate: "Good Night!" on one side of it; "Soon 'Good Morning!'" on the other. It voiced the sweetest thought just then in her heart. It became vital in her memory. It came back, in suggestion, from those dying lips as from the very threshold of Heaven.

To her husband's request at another time to come back to him often if it should be possible, she replied with special emphasis, "I will."

We are sure that no seraph would leave the realms of bliss more gladly to minister to a friend, or even to a stranger, than she; none would be more delighted in being recognized on such a visit. But she hardly expected to enjoy such a recognition; she had seen so much apparent evil in such reported visits from the Unseen. Nevertheless, no mortal ever joined the immortals who would receive a sincerer welcome at any hour and in any circumstances than this one who lived so long and always so beautifully.

Always grateful, as she was, for the smallest act of kindness, she was tenderly sensitive to the tokens of esteem which came to her during all her hours of decline, whether they were in oral or written messages, in the fragrance of flowers from near and from far which constantly filled her room, in the sweetness of the songs which were wafted to her bedside in some of which her own voice could join, or in the very sympathetic prayers of her pastor in public and in her presence. When told that the Executive Committee of the Iowa Branch of the W. B. M. I. had decided to devote their 'Twentieth Century Fund' to the erection of a missionary school or hospital which should bear her name, she exclaimed: "Oh, if their kind words make me so happy, how shall I feel if the Master should say, 'Well done'?" If she could have known all the tokens of love and admiration which have been given since then by individuals and by groups of friends in societies and in memorial exercises, she would have been overwhelmed with speechless amazement.

At the request of friends the memorial services

were deferred four days, till Baccalaureate Sunday. It was seemly that her representative and servant should be borne away to our Hazelwood from the midst of that college anniversary in which she had always been so deeply interested and to which, in earliest years, she had contributed so much. The pall-bearers were selected from old friends residing out of town, from college students and from the faculty. They were W. D. Evans Esq., Hampton, Iowa; D. W. Evans, Esq., Pipestone, Minnesota; Messrs. C. E. Quaife and J. A. Meade, college seniors, and Professor Allen Johnson and Professor J. S. Nollen. The music was touchingly appropriate. ‘The Lord is My Shepherd’, was sung by the College Glee Club; ‘Palms’, by Professor Emery; and Mrs. Vittum, Mrs. Mack, Professor Emery and Mr. O. F. Parish sang the anthem entitled, ‘Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame’, which Mrs. Parker had often sung and which she chose for the occasion. The addresses were made by Professor S. J. Buck, her colleague in the faculty thirty-five years ago; by Mrs. Dr. A. L. Frisbie, the President of the Iowa Branch of the W. B. M. I., and by Rev. E. M. Vittum, D. D., her pastor.

Professor Buck’s address was chiefly biographical, a review, largely, of work noticed on preceding pages. He had personal knowledge of her varied duties, especially in 1864, when his own helpfulness was cordial and when the heroic coöperation of the young women during lonely, shadowy hours, made them so dear to her to the end of life.

We regret that avoidance of repetition compels the

omission of most of his address. In speaking of her in her principalship he said:

"As a teacher she was thorough, painstaking, conscientious. Her work did not end when she had finished the task in the class-room. She made a home for scores of students, and her house was headquarters for all her women pupils. As the years came and went all found a welcome, good advice and true friendship at her home. She gave herself to the service of the college, the church, the prayer-meeting in church or college, and in all possible ways helped create a wholesome atmosphere where young people could develop good scholarship, good manners, good morals, good character.

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"The co-educational idea was not new to her or her husband. Mrs. Parker's ideals, her unstinted service, and her life-work were builded into the deepest foundations of the best things here. We have had instructors from Yale and Bowdoin, Amherst and Williams, Dartmouth and other institutions American and foreign, but it cannot be truthfully denied that some contributions from the experiments and the experiences at Oberlin helped to shape things here. From the earliest beginnings the institution was co-educational. \* \* \* Iowa College was not intended to be copied after Oberlin, but some things proven to be best there naturally came to be adopted here.

"Mrs. Parker was sensible, womanly, of quick intuitions. Her birth in New England, her education in the Middle West, her life and experiences for forty-four years in Iowa, with many trials, her position of influence and power at Grinnell and at Iowa City, all combined to give her a ripeness of character which may challenge our admiration. In 1896 her Alma Mater conferred upon her the degreee of 'A. M.', honorary. No one who knew her well could question the propriety of that gift and recognition of honorable and useful ability. Many daughters of Oberlin have done nobly, but few, I think, have excelled her."

After some unwritten words of appreciation, Professor Buck said:

"Lest these estimates of Mrs. Parker's work may seem extravagant, let me read a brief minute made by the trustees when, in 1867, Professor Parker was first called to Iowa State University. The students remonstrated by the hand of James Irving Manatt, now professor at Brown University, and among other reasons, because Mrs. Parker was such a 'power', not only in her own department, but also in all the departments of the college. The trustees concurred, saying her services were 'invaluable'.

When, in 1898, Professor Parker resigned for the last time from collegiate work, the trustees adopted a minute prepared by Dr. Albert Shaw and Hon. R. M. Haines. They spoke strongly of her influence in the college, and said that her high service had been 'so generous, so tactful and so unfailing as to have reached beyond the quality of great talent to something like that of a veritable genius for sympathetic helpfulness.'

"Christian teacher, faithful, conscientious and true, kind neighbor, sister, mother, wife, Hail and Farewell, honored alumna of Alma Mater!"

#### MRS. DR. A. L. FRISBIE'S ADDRESS.

The Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior was organized in Chicago, October 27th, 1868. The women of Iowa immediately responded to its call for their sympathy and aid. That their work might be more effective, they organized the Iowa State Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions at Burlington, June 1st, 1876. Mrs. G. F. Magoun was made president. She filled this office with zeal and ability until she passed into the shadow of suffering and approaching death. Mrs. L. F. Parker was elected secretary, and June 1st, 1900, she finished twenty-four years of service in this office. Words cannot express what that service has meant in strength and helpfulness to the cause and to those associated with her in the work. Her letters, always wise and winning, were scat-

tered broadcast throughout the state. Her voice was frequently heard in meetings of the state and local associations, speaking of the needs of women in non-Christian lands and pleading for the sympathetic support of those who have gone to carry to them instruction, healing and light.

This work was ever upon her heart, and with rare tact she sought to interest friend and neighbor in efforts which seemed to her the necessary outcome of Christian life. Her influence in this direction upon the students whom she met in her long and close connection with educational work cannot be estimated. She was quick to detect in any of them tendencies that might be developed into fitness for the foreign missionary work, and after any such had given themselves to this service, she followed them with loving thought and prayer, a little closer and more tender than that with which she enfolded all young people whose lives had touched her own.

During the twenty-four years that she was the secretary of the Iowa Branch she was absent from its annual meeting but twice. In 1880 she was in Europe and in 1881 she was detained by illness, but she prepared the report which was read by another. These reports were prominent features of our annual meetings. They were marked by a faultless literary style, a calm, clear insight that recognized tendencies, difficulties and opportunities, and a gentle insistence that sought to bring each woman to realize her part of the responsibility for preaching the gospel to every creature. Each year she brought something fresh, suggestive and inspiring, until we wondered at her inexhaustible resources.

Through her instrumentality, the organization of the Congregational women of the state for foreign missionary work became so complete that it is held up as a model for other states. As often as possible she attended the annual meetings of the W. B. M. I., and her presence and counsel were highly valued by the officers of that society.

Time allows me only this brief outline of her work in connection with the Iowa Branch through these twenty-four years, whose record is written in heaven. But although she

was unceasing in activities, always asking herself, "What more can I do?" it was her own personality—it was what she *was*, that accomplished more than all she did for the cause that was so near her heart. It was her innate refinement of nature that gave to her face the sweet light that we loved; to her voice, its gentle cadences; to her form and bearing, their unconscious dignity. It was her great, unselfish heart, full of sympathy and appreciation for all, that made her "our dear Mrs. Parker." Many learned to love the cause she so loved because they first loved her. She was a living refutation of the unspoken thought of some to-day, that the foreign missionary work appeals only to the religious specialist and enthusiast, or to restless souls who are shut out from other opportunities and activities. Here was a woman of strong intellect, noble soul, high aspirations and liberal culture, loving art and nature and literature, first of all loving and caring for home and family, sought and valued in social circles, and yet, with steady, unswerving purpose, giving to the point of sacrifice, labor, time, money, *herself*—that other women might know the Christian truth which had so blessed *her* life, which had been her strength and inspiration in toil, and her solace in suffering—which had given to her an honored womanhood, wifehood and motherhood.

Do you remember the wonderful things that Sidney Lanier saw in the eyes of his wife?

"Oval and large and passion-pure,  
And gray and wise and honor-sure;  
Soft as a dying violet-breath,  
Yet calmly unafraid of death;

Thronged, like two dove-cotes of gray doves,  
With wife's and mother's and poor folks' loves,  
And home loves and high glory loves,  
And science-loves and story-loves,  
And loves for all that God and man  
In art or nature make a plan;

And lady loves for spidery lace  
And broideries and supple grace,  
  
And diamonds and the whole sweet round  
Of littles, that large life compound,  
And loves for God and God's bare truth,  
And loves for Magdalen and Ruth !  
  
Dear eyes, dear eyes ! And rare, complete,  
Being heavenly sweet and earthly sweet."

All these things we have seen in those eyes that are to-day closed upon us, but opened with glad wonder upon faces she had lost awhile, upon scenes that satisfy all her hunger for beauty, upon the face of Him whom her soul loved. We mourn for ourselves, we wonder how we can spare her; but if we love her, we shall take up the work that she laid down and which she still loves, as a sacred legacy from her. She has entered upon higher service. For us, yet a little longer, are the earthly opportunities.

REV. E. M. VITTUM'S ADDRESS.

We have heard of Mrs. Parker's early life in this community and of her work in its broadest interests. It remains for me to speak a few words of personal appreciation and affection in the name of those that have known her in these last and ripest years. It is a sad yet blessed privilege to voice for you our last good-by.

It was the request of our friend while she yet lingered with us, that we should avoid on this occasion any expression of admiration that might seem too strong even to the most critical. It is easy to respect this request. A life like hers and a love like ours do not need words.

"For the heart speaks most when the lips are dumb." In deference to her desire as well as from the nature of the case, we shall not attempt to put into empty, vain, valueless words the profound earnestness and honesty of what we feel.

The training of a child, it is said, should begin a hundred years before he is born. However that may be, the training

of our friend in practical goodness began while she was yet in the cradle. A few years ago I met, in the northern part of the state, an aged man, good and true, who declared that all he had been in life was due to the kindness shown him when, a youth in his teens, he had worked as a hired laborer for Mrs. Parker's father on the old farm in Vermont. The influence that came from the unfeigned, disinterested kindness of that pure, peaceful, christian home had laid the foundation of all that had been good in his life, while this friend of ours was yet a little child. Now you may begin with this childhood home of helpful and thoughtful piety, and you can trace this same current through the gently sloping planes of life—never hastening, never ceasing, gradually widening and increasing in power down to this day, when it has at last entered the Ocean of Love which we call Heaven. The facts to which reference has been made are familiar to us all. I have heard women whose heads are turning gray, tell of how freely and kindly they were entertained in her home when it could have been done only at great self-sacrifice on her part, when she was doing triple duty as teacher, house-keeper and mother—and that, too, with the narrow, inconvenient surroundings in which the Grinnell people all lived during the early days. I have heard the cultured scholar and gentlemanly diplomat, Professor Manatt, say in substance—not to attempt exact quotation—that, of all the influences that formed his life, many of the purest and strongest and most uplifting and most enduring, came from Sarah C. Parker. But time forbids us from following this line of thought. All the students that she knew in Iowa City and Grinnell were her sons and daughters; and to-day, all over this land, and in many lands beyond the seas, her children rise up and call her blessed.

We have known her as a lady, studious, thoughtful, cultured. We have known her as a lover of all that is good and beautiful, a true artist in soul. We have known her as a worker, not shrinking from any duty or any class of duties. But what made her so great in usefulness was something

beyond her wisdom, beyond her culture, beyond her industry. It was herself, her character, her personality. She had known deep and abiding sorrow; she knew much of that which makes earthly life precious; and all her varied experiences were blended into a life of tranquility. The phrase, "strenuous life," is frequently used just now, but we would not apply it to her life. There was in her life nothing of eager, pushing hurry and impatience, bordering on fretfulness, which we associate with what we call the "strenuous life"; nothing of loud lamentation or noisy hilarity. Rather let us call it a *persistent* life. Never resting, only as rest becomes an essential part of the best work; never discouraged; never losing sight of the high ideals and noble purposes that were ever before her and present with her; she has gone steadily on from the beginning to the end.

Kind and loving as she was, she had in her character an element of inflexibility—I use the word in the best sense— inherited, perhaps, from New England puritanism. We recognized this as an essential part of the harmony of her life. I have heard her speak of meeting John Brown of Osawatomie; and while she did not approve of all his methods, perhaps, she recognized in him a kindred spirit in this at least: he would do anything, dare anything, suffer anything and everything for what he believed to be right. And if Mrs. Parker had been called to suffer a martyr's death, she would have gone to the stake as calmly and peacefully and unhesitatingly as she went about the simplest household duties day by day.

I have a personal word for which I must be pardoned. Nominally, I have been her pastor for nearly nine years—more years than has been true of any other man here since she entered college, at least. And as I have blessed for her and others like her the broken bread and out-poured fruit of the vine, sacred emblems of our remembrance of the Master, I have realized something of what was in the heart of John the Baptist when he said, "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" I have been baptized of her. In

this position where providence seems to have placed me, not to be a priest nor commander, but representative of this people, it has been one of my strongest supports that I have been baptized anew, day by day, by the example of her influence and the power of her prayers. I have been her pastor, but no more than she has been mine. I would not intrude this personal word but for the conviction that it expresses what is in many other hearts. From the youngest to the oldest, all bear the same testimony.

The circle of her acquaintance among the young people has been a little smaller, probably, these later years; but her influence none the less marked. We have seen with thankfulness the change that has come over the dream life and the real life of those that felt the touch of her friendship. The same has been true in the many departments of helpful activity to which she freely gave herself in church, college and community.

Shall we ask what was the secret of her power? It is no secret; it is clear as God's sunlight. It is only a living illustration of pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father. From her I have learned something that grammar and lexicon and commentary and theology and philosophy could never teach me concerning what Christ meant when he said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Her religious life was not a roar and rush like Niagara, not a frozen iceberg and then a flood like the streams of the North, not intermittent like a geyser of Yellowstone, not restless and troubled like the waves of the sea; but a well of water, rising higher and higher in her own soul, until it peacefully and naturally overflowed to freshen the world of life around her and save the soul of many a thirsty wanderer. And it all came through her from Jesus Christ.

In this company of personal friends, we may add a thought that might seem indelicate under other circumstances. If ever two people were made for one another, it is true of these two friends of ours who have walked together so many

years—different enough to supplement each the other, yet so harmonious in aims and ideals and in the conception of what life really means. Professor and Mrs. Parker! We have never thought of one without the other! And we shall never do so. This closeness of union has made the parting harder to endure; yet there are compensations. So much of the life and character of each has gone into the building of the life and character of the other, that our dear brother during the years that we pray he may be spared to us, can truly feel that she is living with him on earth and he is living with her in heaven.

Good night! Soon good morning! And who can doubt it? Throw philosophy and theology to the wind if you must. Still we know God did not create such a soul to destroy it utterly, just when it had become ripest and strongest and most like the divine. God is not the God of the dead but of the living.

A short time before her death, Mrs. Parker asked me to make this copy of a little poem which had been a great comfort to her. It was printed on silk; and she told me it had been pinned to the window curtain near her bed for years, and that she had read it day by day as something that expressed her own feelings. She did not say directly that she wished it read on this occasion, but I understood that was the purpose for which she wished me to make this copy:

I cannot say,  
Beneath the pressure of life's cares to-day,  
I joy in these;  
But I can say  
That I had rather walk in the rugged way,  
If Him it please.  
  
I can not feel  
That all is well when dark'ning clouds conceal  
The shining sun;  
But then I know  
God lives and loves; and say, since this be so,  
Thy will be done.

I can not speak  
In happy tones; the tear-drops on my cheek  
    Show I am sad,  
    But I can speak  
Of grace to suffer with submission meek,  
    Until made glad.

I do not see  
Why God should e'en permit some things to be,  
    When He is love;  
    But I can see,  
Though often dimly, through the mystery,  
    His hand above.

I do not know  
Where falls the seed that I have tried to sow  
    With greatest care;  
    But I shall know  
The meaning of each waiting hour below  
    Sometime, somewhere.

I do not look  
Upon the present, nor in Nature's book  
    To read my fate;  
    But I do look  
For promised blessings in God's holy book,  
    And I can wait.

I may not try  
To keep the hot tears back; but hush that sigh,  
    "It might have been!"  
    And try to still  
Each rising murmur, and to God's sweet will  
    Respond, "Amen."

A minutely accurate estimate of the life and the character of such a friend as the one noticed in these pages is not easy for any one. It may be especially difficult for him with whom she was accustomed to think aloud, to whom she gave sincerest affection through half a century of sunshine and of shadow, and for whom even shadow was made sunshine by her presence. Nevertheless, with calmest possible expression he would say that the central, radical force in her life was the love of beauty.

In things material her enjoyment of the beautiful was delicate, refined and even glowing, while none rose into completer rapture when, if possible, beauty towered into sublimity. She felt the poet's glow of soul when she looked on the ocean gently heaving as if it were the breast of a sleeping child; on the jeweled crown of night, or on the mountain peak lifting its snowy crest up among the stars. Entranced she stood among the masterpieces of art, and bore away their images in mind to become a lifelong joy. To repress the gratification of a refined taste at the demand of benevolence cost a second thought and an effort now and then.

Still more profoundly was she charmed by the intellectual. A beautiful expression of a beautiful thought, "Like apples of gold in baskets of silver," was a pre-eminent delight. Hence bits of poetry

fixed themselves in her memory as naturally as iron filings cling to a magnet. She never seemed to learn poetry by conscious effort. Lines read a single time often came back to her when the occasion called for them.

But high above all else she loved the beautiful in character. To the nobly aspiring she was drawn with a real passion to render some aid if possible. From Thoreau's declaration that he taught, not for the good of others, but "simply for a livelihood," she shrank as from a contagion. She thought little of what she could gain; she was happiest when she could give, and when her gift ennobled soul, made the human more nearly divine.

Her religion admitted thoughts of *duty*, but her life was glorified by the *gladness of opportunity*. Sir Walter Scott once said: "Teach self-denial and make its practice pleasurable, and you will create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer." To the words 'self-denial' and 'self-sacrifice', she often listened wearily, for greatest sacrifice as measured by selfishness was highest privilege, according to the standard of her soul-full benevolence. "For the joy set before" her she walked on the moral heights where the cross is borne with thanksgiving as the Master loved to bear it.

Such souls are angel-white.

Blessed is the man who gives his heart in his hand to his dearest friend with a love that fills the future with happiest hope and then finds that future happier even than Love had ventured to paint it. Blessed

are the children whose mother bears them in her very heart and who directs their ever-broadening pathway with most wisely cultured thought. Blessed are the friends whose converse is an inspiration, whose mutual love outlives earthly life, whose very tears at the tomb are rich with a heavenward uplift. Blessed is the saint whose feet walk the solid earth in human service, whose head is sun-crowned in the realms of thought, whose spirit is all at home among the angels, sweetly human, serenely angelic.

To such a one we have said, ‘Good Night!’ We wait to meet her with a glad ‘Good Morning!’

Such a

“Life shall live forevermore,  
Else earth is darkness at the core,  
And dust and ashes all that is.”

We must believe that life here is not a solemn mockery, a horrid tragedy. We trust that in the life yonder the most radiant soul grows more radiant still. The sun-crowned on earth becomes the Heaven-crowned through the eternities.



## **Echoes of Friendship.**

"Fast as the rolling seasons bring  
The hour of fate to those we love,  
Each pearl that leaves the broken string  
Is set in Friendship's crown above.  
As narrower grows the earthly chain,  
The circle widens in the sky;  
These are our treasures that remain,  
But those are stars that beam on high."

## Mrs. L. F. Parker.

Through the fleeting years she has brightened  
All paths that her feet have trod,  
The paths that through shadow and sunshine  
Have ever led upward to God.

To the weary and sad she has given  
Of her own brave faith a share,  
By a word, a glance, a sunlit smile,  
A touch of hope, a prayer,

While ever in beauty around her  
Have flourished all things good,  
Gaining life from the shining presence  
Of her gracious womanhood.

And so, when the Master summoned  
By his messengers of pain,  
The strong, sweet soul of his daughter  
To her Father's house again,

Having entered the gate of service  
Here 'mid earth's toil and strife,  
She found in her glad home-going  
A twice-blessed, endless life.

DES MOINES, June 24, 1900.

C. M. S.

*from Societies.*

The following selections from communications received have been deemed fairly representative of all. Reasons for the omission of a part or all of highly valued tributes may occur to our readers and especially when they include references to any beside the subject of this sketch.

Mrs. H. H. (Abbie W.) Robbins, a pupil of hers in college, writes:

"In behalf of the women belonging to the immediate circle of Iowa College, I am asked to express to you the esteem, honor and love we have for the beautiful woman who, through so many years has moved among us, an inspiration and a leader toward all things most noble and lovely in womanhood.

"Her teaching, her home and life have been felt by us continually as a sweet influence of the rarest refinement and culture. Her beautiful personality, tranquil, serene presence, and, above all, the ripe christian spirit which pervaded all her words and ways have been to each of us an incentive toward all that makes for truest womanhood.

"We would like to express our appreciation of the value, to the wide college circle which looked to her as a leader, of her delight in beauty, that beauty which is, in its highest type, the fineness of truth. In past years, when the ruggedness of truth was more apparent than the beauty of it, she contributed not a little by the queenliness of her person, the appointments of her home, as well as by the rare distinction of her spirit which marked her a gentlewoman, to make the beauty of truth apparent to eyes and souls longing for it.

"We would also express our sense of the influence for true nobleness of character radiating from your home

through all these years for generation after generation of students. Many of these have found a welcome to its innermost circle, there to be shown that the basis of a home of truest culture and delight lies not in material things but in the richness of gifts of mind and soul."

From the message of the *Grinnell Historical Club* we quote the following:

"Mrs. Parker was not only the founder of the club, but also its faithful friend. Here, as in so many other associations, her graces of mind and heart made her a central figure, and we feel that her place can never be supplied. Her wide culture made her an authority on all points which came under discussion, although her modesty often kept her silent. We shall miss her wise words of instruction and of counsel. The memory of her life will ever be a stimulus to us to seek culture, not for its own sake, but in order to make our lives more useful to others."

Mrs. Hon. R. M. (Joanna Harris) Haines, a pupil of Mrs. Parker's before 1862, penned the message of the *College Education Society* as follows:

"It is a great loss to a community or a society when a good person is taken from them. But when to goodness of heart and nobility of character is added the trained intellect and the refinements of culture and to these is superadded an attractive and queenly presence, then, indeed, are words inadequate to express the loss.

"Such a bereavement as this has come to us in the passing away of our beloved Mrs. Parker. She was closely connected with the missionary and literary organizations of our society and these have already expressed, so far as words can, their feeling of irreparable loss and sense of her exalted worth. It remains for us of the College Education Society to add our tribute of love and sorrow. In one respect it is especially fitting that we should do so, for the words, 'Christian Education,' better express the line of her active interests and sympathies than any others. It was this cause that brought her

to our western town when it was a small pioneer village, and it was to active untiring work in this cause that she gave the best years of her mature life. She was a charter member of this society and remained an active worker in it all her life. She was the first and last president of the society; and those of you who were present will never forget her pale, sweet face with the traces of suffering so plain upon it, as she presided at our last meeting, the last official act of her life.

"With sad hearts we express our sense of loss and bereavement, and our loving sympathy with her devoted husband and daughter. But let us also with grateful hearts thank God for the beautiful life that has been lived in our midst, and may its influence inspire us to greater faithfulness in carrying on the work she has laid down."

The *Congregational Church in Iowa City* spread the following statement upon its records from the pen of Hon. J. L. Pickard:

"Mrs. Parker's connection with this church for many years was so fruitful in all its activities that transfer to another field was in name only, for the fragrance of her Christian devotion abides still with us.

"Her service to others was so Christ-like that her daily life was a benediction to all whose lives she touched.

"In the home to which the young were always welcomed and from which they went out with nobler purposes to engage in life's contests—in the social circles brightened by her presence—in the missionary societies, through which she made her influence most potent—in the prayer circles where she loved to meet her Saviour and in which she reflected His image—in the charitable work to which she gave so much of her time and strength, Mrs. Parker, self-forgetful and consecrated, has made her memory blessed."

E. A. BRAINERD,  
J. L. PICKARD,  
LAURA C. ROCKWOOD, } Committee  
                         } of the  
                         } Church.

The words of the *Elizabeth Earle Magoun Club*, penned by Miss Julia D. Brainerd, were more than literary, and those from Mrs. Dr. Clark's *Bible Class*, written by Mrs. Julia C. Grinnell, were kindly human as well as eminently religious.



Iowa College.

*The Trustees of Iowa College* at their meeting last June, recorded their recognition of "a debt of gratitude" to Mrs. Parker for eminent service. The essential part of their June minute was as follows:

"Her connection with the college began in its formative period and she, as the first lady principal, had a prominent part in shaping its character as a christian co-educational institution. The College owes her a debt of gratitude for the almost lavish manner in which she used hand and head and heart in her educational work.

"She was a friend-winner for the college. Her door stood open in hospitality with a welcome that sought out strangers as well as friends.

"She had a genius for securing the confidence and influencing the lives of the young, and she always had them with her. Her home was their home and always remained such in after years, for she followed the children of her care wherever they went with motherly interest and pride. In her judgment as to opinions and policies she was conservative yet firm in dissent, but always loyal to the college. Her interest did not end with the ending of her official connection with the college for it retained her thoughtful care and service through the mature years of her private life."

*The Alumni Association* of Iowa College through its committee, consisting of Miss Ella E. Marsh, Mrs. M. M. Kelsey and Rev. S. A. Arnold, who spoke "for those to whom Mrs. Parker was lady principal and also for those that knew her only as friend and helper," expressed their appreciation of her strength and sweetness of character and her varied service, adding:

"To us all she was ever the ideal, christian woman, who adorned every position, and, with each added year, our esteem for her has broadened and deepened.

"We shall miss her gracious presence, her cordial greeting, the soul-beauty of that face clear-cut as a cameo."

Mrs. President George A. Gates wrote to Mrs. Parker's daughter, Mrs. John Campbell, May 3, 1900:

"We all of Grinnell owe so much to her, for her richness of character has left its impress on us all. It is because she has lived the triumphal life, has overcome so gloriously that she has been most helpful to me. Whatever her cares, perplexities and sorrows she carried them with such calmness of strength that I felt the inspiration of it. Surely this is no slight gift to receive from a friend."

David W. Norris, Esq., an old-time pupil of hers, wrote an editorial for the *Times-Republican* from which we make the following extracts:

"To emulate such a life is to make life worth living, and he who does it helps to elevate mankind and leaves the world better than he found it, and the man or woman who can not do this had better not have lived at all.

"For nearly forty years Mrs. Parker has been a leader in the social, religious and literary life of Grinnell, and even while she resided in Iowa City she was always a part of Grinnell life, because her heart was there, her life-long associations were there, and there was the field of her early labors and aspirations. She was one of those rare women who combine all those qualities that make woman loved and the world bright. Never was a mother more devoted, never was a wife more faithful. She was skilled in all the household arts, earnest and untiring in the church, in missionary work, in charities. She was the organizer of the Historical Club and her house was always the center of refined and literary associations.

\* \* \* \* \*

"No one can tell how many young women owe their success and happiness in life to the quiet and shaping influence of this good woman. If a girl were poor and without adequate means, for some reason she was domiciled with Mrs. Parker, who not only taught her all the little household economies but in some mysterious way made her means adequate to the end. If the girl were wayward, she was turned over to Mrs. Parker, and, in some way, her character was molded and her aspirations directed in the proper way.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Around her always was an atmosphere of cheeriness, of cheerfulness, and through sorrow or adversity there was the same sunny smile indicating an absolute faith that all would be well in the end. Notwithstanding the fact that Grinnell is blessed with many noble women of the type of Mrs. Parker, it is entirely safe to say that not one has left such an impression on its life, more especially on the life of its young women."

A mother wrote:

"My daughter would be almost willing to have the measles again if that could take her into your family once more."

Eli P. Clark, Esq., a pupil of hers nearly forty years ago, writes from Los Angeles, Cal., that she had been his "inspiration," and that in his "long list of very dear friends" she was "at the very head."

The following came when it was too late for her to read it or to hear it all:

"What a crowd of witnesses will sometime arise to testify of your faithfulness, your clear-seeing ability, your unselfishness and your usefulness. One of the first memories I have is of your spreading a lunch for the night watchers with students who were sick and helpless in your house. Blessed hands full of ministry and unselfishness yours have been. Blessed among women shall you be. You spoke kindly of me to my poor father and it made a soft spot in his pillow

for his weary, dying head. Your pillow ought to have many a soft spot in it if kindness counts and good deeds avail. Then, too, you taught us lessons of faith and hope and trust."

A student who came to Iowa College thirty-five years ago, writes:

"I spent my first night in Grinnell at your house. Mrs. Parker met me at the chapel door on my arrival, and found me a boarding place. When I last met her she caught my hand in both of hers, saying, 'One of our girls; one of our girls.'"

Another of a later period has written:

"A talk she gave us girls in our sophomore year taught me to love her. Her lecture to us came when I peculiarly needed it, and I know that nothing else in my whole college course accomplished for me what that did. It has made a vital difference in all my later life."

A teacher writes:

"The two years I spent in your house have had a wonderful influence on me in all I have done or been since. I would not give up the sweet talks we girls had so often with Mrs. Parker for anything I can imagine."

Mrs. Parker was one to whom friends loved to come with their most sacred griefs, their profoundest confidences. They never came in vain. One whose heart was bleeding at every pore wrote her:

"My dear, dear sister, mother, beloved friend, I know not what else: Many, many times in the last year have I longed to rush to you and, putting my head in your lap, to cry it out for once. This is what the thought of you has been to me, a place to get comfort. The thought of your being here has been a comfort; you have borne sudden grief and been able to talk it over cheerfully afterwards."



Missionary.

The *Executive Committee of the W. B. M. I.* was represented by Miss Sarah Pollock as follows:

"I cannot express in this brief letter how much Mrs. Parker's life-work has meant to this Board. She was wise in counsel, patient in spirit, strong in purpose, faithful in execution. Her co-operation was always so hearty, so glad, it made her to us a tower of strength on which we safely leaned. Especially to those of us who always sit in these rooms has she brought sunshine."

Then Miss Pollock added:

"I cannot send this without my personal word of sorrow, for I have dearly loved Mrs Parker—lo! these many years—and I have written with falling tears. Her letters were a comfort to us here, for they always told of something done to *help*, and they always brought *cheer* and *hope*. How we shall miss the dear handwriting, and how we shall miss her at the annual meeting."

Mrs. Parker's missionary associates hastened also to offer their tributes through the press, and in memorial meetings. Mrs. Nellie G. Clarke wrote for the *Grinnell Herald* and *Congregational Iowa*, Mrs. A. L. Frisbie for *Mission Studies*.

At the *Memorial Meeting in Chicago*, Mrs. J. B. Leake paid a touching tribute to her whom she had known and loved for more than twenty years. "Her name was sufficient to recall her intellectual face, lighted up with love to God and all mankind, and her earnest, persuasive voice which made one feel that her motto was: 'This one thing I do.' It helped one

to emulate her zeal and high endeavor." Mrs. Williams recalled her face as a lamp shining through an alabaster vase. She had been told that Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Magoun were the Iowa Branch. She understood that after meeting them. Miss Wingate called her 'the ideal secretary', and was accustomed to send out her reports to inquiring secretaries as models. Mrs. Savage recalled Mrs. Humphrey's statement in one of her booklets that mathematics and history had taken possession of her and not she of them. So missionary work had taken possession of Mrs. Parker and glorified her life. She was recalled affectionately by Mrs. Professor Wilcox, Mrs. C. H. Case, Mrs. A. R. Thain, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Spence and others. It was "a season of blessed reminiscence."

The *Advance* contains a note of the *Annual Meeting* of the *Iowa Branch* as follows:

"The hour of the entire meeting to which all had looked forward, was the one placed upon the program as 'In Memoriam—Mrs. L. F. Parker. Paper by Mrs. M. M. Kelsey, to be followed by voluntary contributions.' This was the first time in the history of the Iowa Branch that Mrs. Parker had not been present to guide and counsel in all the work of the society, and to fulfill her duties as state secretary. Her blessed spirit seemed over all; but how we miss her. The twenty-fourth annual meeting will ever be remembered as the one made sacred to the memory of Mrs. Parker. The Iowa Branch proposes to erect in China a hospital which shall be named for their beloved secretary. The cost of the hospital will be \$2,000; of this \$1,300 has been raised."

Mrs. Kelsey was a pupil of Mrs. Parker's during the Civil War, and a near neighbor in pioneer days. In her paper she said:

"The translation to higher service of Mrs. L. F. Parker removes the last of our long-time officers. Mrs. Magoun, our president; Mrs. Rew, our treasurer; and now our secretary beloved. Within three years these faithful ones have joined other saints who went before, and the Iowa Branch is bereft indeed.

"For twenty-four years Mrs. Parker, as we well know, has been the power behind the throne in all work connected with the Iowa Branch. Her thousands of letters, her public addresses, her wise counsels and her personal friendships have been among the leading forces which have gone to its upbuilding and enlargement.\*

"It is fitting at this gathering—when the absence for the first time of her gracious presence, her silver voice and loving greetings, are such constant reminders of our bereavement—to speak to each other of the life, the work and the character of our only secretary.

\* \* \* \* \*

"In 1863 Mrs. Parker was invited to become lady principal of Iowa College, in which institution her husband occupied the chair of Ancient Languages. The invitation was accepted, and for seven years she not only filled but adorned the position. These were busy, useful years. It is no disparagement to others that she is still called 'The Ideal Lady Principal'—dignified and firm, but tender and kind and true to every pupil under her care; a conscientious, painstaking teacher, the influence and power of whose presence in the class-room continues still in the lives of those privileged to be under her instruction, an incentive to thoroughness and accuracy. She was a wise counselor, a noble woman—fit model in every respect for the young women under her care. 'My girls' she continued to call them to the day of her death, and they reverence and treasure her memory and the memory of those college days—so largely shaped by her—as a

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\*Her leaflets entitled 'What We Owe to Missions', and 'The Commercial Value of Missions', have been somewhat widely circulated. One pastor in Colorado called for 250 copies of the second edition of the latter.

precious legacy. Hundreds of these 'girls' in our own and in distant lands, rise up and call her blessed.

"Mrs. Parker was the mother of five children, all but one of whom preceded her to the heavenly home. Her faith failed not, and though sorely bereaved in their loss she could still say: 'He worketh in ways we cannot understand, but we *can* believe He knoweth best.'

"The surviving daughter, Mrs. Campbell of Denver, Colorado, was privileged to minister to the suffering parent during the last months of her life—a precious companionship these months afforded: the daughter, skillful and constant and loving in her ministrations; the mother appreciative of every effort. Her sweet 'Thank you' never failing, even when almost too weak to form the words.

"Professor Parker was connected with the Iowa State University for seventeen years, and their home in Iowa City, as before and since in Grinnell, was a haven of rest and refreshment for the discouraged or homesick students. In this home financial difficulties were solved for them and flagging hopes rekindled to take a college course. Economies were practiced that young men and women might have the benefit of a thorough education. Mrs. Parker delighted in having young people about her and was constantly doing for their help and advancement. The Parker home has always been noted for its hospitality. 'You must break bread with us,' was the unanswerable argument which extended many an intended call into a visit.

"Mrs. Parker was skillful in all housewifely arts and ways—a woman with a faculty for doing everything well and one whose presence adorned every circle or place. She took great pleasure in social gatherings and in her own home delighted to prepare dainty refreshments and make everything attractive for her guests.

"She was an intellectual woman, the one universally selected as leader of history and literary clubs; and in her attendance at and preparation for these clubs, she was as conscientious as in her teaching or housekeeping. Always calm,

never hurried, unceasingly industrious—a rare, white-souled woman, steadfast, immovable, one who lived to be helpful to others.

"She never forgot a friend and was constantly making new ones.

"Fond of all beautiful things, but content to live in her own beautiful thoughts and deeds that her beneficence might reach a wider circle.

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"Much of Mrs. Parker's thought and time and strength for the past twenty-four years has been given to the Iowa Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior. Every auxiliary in the state is in some sense the child of her faithfulness and prayers. Her letters have endeared her to many who never saw her face, and her knowledge of the workers and the work of the Iowa Branch undoubtedly surpassed that of any and every other person in the state. She was wise in her judgments; her associates relied upon her opinions and accepted her decisions. 'An auxiliary in every church and every woman a member,' was the motto she adopted and labored to make a reality. How one could be a Christian and not be interested in missionary work was something she could not understand. During the great suffering of the last months of her life, she still planned and prayed for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom in the hearts of Iowa women that through their efforts the ends of the earth might come to know and love the only true God.

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"Her release came on June fifth, 1900, the first anniversary of the day when Mrs. Rew, her co-laborer in the Iowa Branch, went to her reward. Together in the mansions of eternal rest, with those saved and yet to be saved by their beneficence and their prayers out of every tribe and nation, our trio of officers walk before God in the beauty of holiness."

The *Executive Committee of the Iowa Branch*  
placed

"On record an expression of their sense of unspeakable loss in the death of Mrs. L. F. Parker. \* \* \* In our meetings she has been a wise counselor and an inspiring friend. Her quiet, steady, absorbing devotion to woman's work for women in non-christian lands has been an inestimable power for good in its unconscious influence upon those around her as well as in its direct results. Her annual reports are gems of missionary literature, each in wise suggestion and invaluable information concerning the work and the workers."



## *Miscellaneous.*

Gen. J. Dolson Cox, a classmate, wrote:

"I can not recall any meeting with her since our graduation, at any rate my vision of her is so vivid as she was among us in '51, with her sweet gravity, her self-contained dignity full of earnest good will, an embodiment of conscience, of high and pure purpose, making exquisite harmony in spiritual chords, as her soulfull voice led in our mortal choir, that she has always seemed to me ever young, ever strong, ever the unselfish stay and aid of the friends who surrounded her. The consciousness that we are all very near the end\* of our journey, softens these separations a little, I think. One *must* go, and would it not be a little selfish to choose ourselves to be that one, leaving another to the mourning and the loneliness? It is now a calm waiting, serene not gloomy, counting off the days one by one. For us the separation will be short; it should not be too painful."

Mrs. Dr. Elisha Gray, Highland Park, Ill., writes:

"Mrs. Parker's influence on me was greater than that of any others outside of my mother's home,—in so many ways she has been my ideal woman."

Mrs. Judge N. C. (Ida Clarke) Young of Fargo, North Dakota, voices a thought, uttered by many others, which, sacred as it is, can not be omitted without a serious deficiency in this sketch.

"That death 'to you what a desolation only those who have witnessed' her 'ideal life' with you, and who have themselves had some experience of the joy which comes from the

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\*Gov. Cox was then only a few weeks from the end, although in good health when he penned those words.

wedded union of such a rarely gifted intellect and spiritual soul, can feebly estimate."

Ex-President William M. Brooks, late of Tabor College, now of Los Angeles, California, writes:

"Oh, how you are blessed with the memory of the many years of communion with one of the real saints. I have very rarely met a woman with such ability and such loving interest in all about her."

W. D. Evans, Esq., of Hampton, Iowa, says:

"She was more than good. She was grand. She had lived on such a high plane that she had not far to go in the transition." (He had been a member of her family.)

Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, after speaking of his gratitude to Mrs. Parker for her kindness to his sister, and of the profound impression made upon him by a short acquaintance with her, wrote that a few christians like her,

"Living in every town, would do away with the necessity of books upon apologetics and arguments for the divine origin of Christianity."

\* Mrs. Susan R. Ashley, of Denver, wrote to Mrs. Campbell:

"I shall never forget the sweet, cordial manner of your dear mother at our first meeting, which captured me completely and made me her devoted friend from that moment. I can realize how she must have endeared herself to all who came within her influence. The memory of her beautiful, helpful life will rest as a benediction on the lives of many whose hearts now ache through the loss of her presence."

Rev. J. B. Gregg, D. D., of Colorado Springs, wrote Mrs. Campbell:

"Your mother was a woman whom it was good to know even slightly, and you know, better than I can tell, how

great a blessing it has been to have such a woman for a mother, so strong, so fair-minded, so sincere, so earnest, so devout, so wide-horizoned and sympathetic with all things good."

The following message came from R. C. Craven, Esq., of the editorial staff of the *World-Herald*, Omaha, for himself and his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Evans Craven:

"We send you by express this afternoon some flowers—we chose them white—by beholding which we touch the hem of God's garment; the language of the angels, telling the same tender, cheerful, hopeful message all the day long, in the morning and in the evening, in life and at death. They say 'Be not afraid.'

"When David Copperfield first saw Agnes Wickfield she was standing still higher on the stair than he, in the subdued and refining light that fell through a window of stained glass—and she was pointing upward. So she seemed through life to him. And at the end of his story he writes:

"Agnes! O my soul! So may thy face be by me when I close my life indeed; so may I, when realities are melting from me like the shadows which I now dismiss, still find thee pointing upward!"

"In all literature I know of no finer tribute to womanhood than this of Dickens. I would apply the spirit of it to Mrs. Parker. So she seemed to us and to thousands of others, as I know she did to you—calm, serene, cheerful, hopeful, with a light in her face that suggested the contiguity of some holy place, and ever, ever pointing upward. Death has withdrawn the living figure, but in our hearts remains and ever will remain a vision, both memorial and prophetic, I trust, of a woman standing in a soft light, with one arm extended and a finger pointing toward the skies."















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